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Music at the Foundling Chapel, London.

[The following is one of a series of articles, in the *Orchestra*, on "Church Music in London."

Some apology may be necessary in an article ostensibly on London Church Music, for the discursiveness of the following remarks; but the Foundling Hospital has been so long and so intimately connected with musical progress, and the nature of this connection is so little known or appreciated by the musical world, that we think our readers will pardon the introduction of matter apparently remote from our immediate subject, for the sake of its intrinsic interest. The mention of this Institution at once brings to the mind the extraordinary efforts of the founder, Captain Thomas Coram, who some hundred and thirty years ago—when the frequent destruction, unhappily again prevalent in our own time, of illegitimate children by their mothers, horrified and alarmed society—took the work in hand of providing an asylum for Foundlings, which had been often talked of and recommended, but the institution of which was owing to the indomitable energy of the staunch sea-captain, who devoted his whole fortune and nearly twenty years of his life to the carrying out of his darling project. In the year 1739 he succeeded in obtaining a Charter appointing a goodly corporation of peers, judges, distinguished lawyers and others, including Coram himself, to carry out his views and administer the affairs of the new institution, which found a local habitation in Hatton Garden in the following year. Four years after, a portion of the present building—the facade of which has been pronounced the ugliest in the world—had been opened, but the Chapel was not commenced until 1747. In April, 1751, this building received the remains of the Founder, which were deposited immediately under the altar. He had attained the age of eighty-four, and, as we have said, had sacrificed his whole fortune, so that about two years before his death a subscription was opened, and arrangements made which would give him a sum of about 160*l.* annually. The funeral, conducted with great solemnity, took place in the evening, when the chapel was filled with a crowd of notabilities, the St. Paul's choir performing the burial service, and Dr. Boyce presiding at the organ. This tribute of respect and affection to Captain Coram, was also a solemn inauguration of the building, which was afterwards to become celebrated by its connection with the greatest musician that ever lived, as well as for those musical services in which the children themselves take so conspicuous a part, and which, instituted at a period when no church music worthy of the name was to be heard away from our cathedrals, have not only maintained their interest and *prestige*, but have now reached a degree of excellence unsurpassed—probably unequalled—by anything of a similar kind. Though our present concern is with the Chapel and its services, perhaps a few more words may be excused with respect to the Hospital itself. It was originally intended to receive applications for the admission of children, but the provision for Foundlings became so popular that, with Parliamentary authorization and assistance, the Governors made arrangements for receiving all children—without inquiry—under twelve months old, taking care thoroughly to advertise the comprehensiveness of their benevolent intentions. They had soon enough on their hands, for from three to four thousand children were annually deposited at the Hospital, during the four years this system lasted. We have no space to go into detail, but after a fearful mortality, and the establishment of various evils in connection with an organized supply of infants, the Parliament—having incurred a liability of above half a mil-

lion sterling—abolished their rule of indiscriminate admission, and gradually the establishment has been brought to its present state.

The Institution now maintains some 500 illegitimate children, received after application by their mothers, who must be qualified by previous good character, poverty, desertion by the father, and the prospect of retaining or regaining their position—in other words, of concealing their misfortune from the world. It will be perceived that there is a question of dubious morality involved here, on which, however, we need not linger. The Hospital undertakes the sole charge of the children, who of course, after their abandonment by the mother, have no natural tie whatever; they are for a time sent into the country to nurse, and on their return are educated and cared for in the Institution until they attain the age of fourteen, when they are apprenticed to various trades, or sent out as domestic servants, &c. The musical instruction which the boys receive here in connection with the Chapel services, and from the establishment of a band of wind instruments, procures appointments for many of them in regimental bands, in various parts of the kingdom. The Hospital always assumes to stand *in loco parentis*, and the well conducted may receive advice and necessary assistance in any critical part of their future lives.

Ere we return to the immediate subject of our paper, we may notice the obligations of the Hospital to Hogarth, who, after Handel, was its greatest benefactor. Many of his finest pictures were painted for and presented by him to this Institution, and still adorn its walls; perhaps the most interesting, the portrait of Captain Coram, now in the girls' dining-room.

What alone would suffice to render the Foundling Chapel celebrated is its connection with the immortal Handel, who, in aid of its completion, conducted a concert of his own compositions, including his "Fireworks Music," which produced a considerable sum, in gratitude for which he was enrolled as a governor of a Hospital. Here, too, "The Messiah" was performed year after year, the composer himself, even after his blindness, presiding at the organ—his own munificent gift, eleven performances realizing about £7,000 to the charity; while after Handel's death, seven more performances, conducted by his amanuensis Christopher Smith, and eight by John Stanley (the blind organist), brought in above £3,000 more. The governors' attempt to monopolize all property in "The Messiah" is well known, and they certainly evinced little gratitude for the great obligations they were under to the composer. It was, indeed, proposed that he should be buried in the Chapel, but his own wishes and the public voice demanded a grave in Westminster Abbey.

Some fourteen or fifteen years after this a project was discussed, which, had it not been nipped in the bud, might, perhaps, have prevented the establishment of that laughing-stock of foreigners—our Tenterden-street Academy. This was the proposal by Dr. Burney to establish a musical school, somewhat similar to the continental "conservatorio," the pupils to be selected from such children in the Hospital as had natural musical gifts. From the high patronage this scheme obtained, and its favorable reception by the governors, there seemed a fair prospect of its being carried out; but ultimately, after discussing the matter with great display of metaphysical subtleties, and curious disquisitions on the comparative social status of the children, &c., it was negatived by the governing body, apparently on the ground that the profession of music was too agreeable and too aristocratic for the poor little foundlings. And yet the weakest and most helpless of these

were destined to form the nucleus of the present Chapel choir. Three blind singers and a blind organist, all foundlings, comprised the first regular musical establishment in the Chapel, which was afterwards to engage the highest talent that could be procured, and a place in which was to be sought after and considered as a mark of professional eminence.

It was not long before the Governors, seeing the use that might be made of a musical service in the Chapel, resolved to engage a party of highly cultivated professional singers, and at the same time to have the children taught sufficiently to take part in the music performed—and this arrangement has obtained to the present time, with the exception of a short interval. This occurred during the attempt, some dozen years ago, to do away with the professional ladies engaged, and to assimilate the service as much as possible to that of a cathedral. Accordingly, four men and half a dozen boys were robed in surplices, and the latter (selected from the foundlings) received some extra instruction. But *cuicullus non facit monachum*, and the surplice did not create the choir; while the music to which the congregation had been accustomed became impossible, and what was possible was very indifferently executed. The folks who had been accustomed to the mellifluous vocalization of Louisa Pyne, were by no means contented with the interesting efforts of "little Squeaky;" and the great purists were forced to confess that the surplised foundling was but a very poor apology for his bonneted and crinoline-dressed predecessor. The attempt, having given rise to great dissatisfaction, was therefore abandoned, not without reluctance on the part of some of the Governors; but though the experiment failed, the result was good: for all the children who sing are now well-grounded in the rudiments of music, and thoroughly practised in the occasionally difficult pieces they have to execute.

Proceeding to the present state of affairs, we may remark that the interior of the Chapel has a very fine effect; it is surrounded by galleries receding from the lower walls, the end opposite the altar being occupied by the organ, on either side of which are ranged the children, forming one of the most interesting and impressive sights possible. Paintings and engravings of this portion of the Chapel are, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers; a peculiar effect is commonly shown, produced by rays from a yellow skylight being thrown on the gilded front of the organ; but the case of the present instrument has been brought more forward, and though the skylight exists, the peculiar effect is gone. It is difficult to look unmoved on this body of boys and girls cut off as they are from all those ties which form the happiness of other children. Some of the girls are strikingly handsome; in many a sad, in some a playfully mischievous expression shows in the countenance; but almost all appear bright and intelligent. The boys are less remarkable, and they have a generally morose aspect, while an intellectual countenance is the exception. The occupation of the girls in looking after the younger children and other domestic duties may possibly account in some measure for their superior and more kindly appearance. After the children, the most attractive feature is the organ, which has attained a development unimaginable by the donor of its first predecessor. Handel's original instrument had been from time to time altered and added to, while some kind of partial enharmonic arrangement had been attempted with the usual unsuccessful result; but under the care of Mr. Bishop the organ had been brought to a considerable pitch of excellence, though far behind modern requirements. In the year 1855 the governors determined to have it entirely remodelled and re-

built, and the task was assigned to Messrs. Bevington, who, in accordance with the plans drawn out by the present organist, have produced one of the finest instruments in London. It contains all that was worth retaining of the previous one, and has sixty stops, with the usual composition pedals and couplers. Some of the solo stops are very fine, but the pedal organ is hardly satisfactory.

In the front of the organ, and between the boys and girls, are seated the five professional singers—two ladies, soprano and contralto; and three men, alto, tenor, and bass. As occupants of their pew, without going far back, we recall the names of Atkins, Pyne, Hobbs, Lawler, Hawkins, Horn-castle, and Robinson; of the Misses Cause, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, and Miss Louisa Pyne. With these recollections we can hardly assert that the present singers—excellent though they be—surpass all that went before them; but the musical proficiency of the children has never been so conspicuous as at present. They chant the Psalms admirably, take part in the 'Services' of our best cathedral writers, and in their anthems, as well as in adaptations (not, by the way, always most happy as regards the words) from Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Gluck, Himmel, and Spohr; and in these they will take up a point or a difficult lead with a readiness and certainty not often found in a "professional" vocalist.

But seeing that the girls sing the treble and the boys the alto, and the choir contains only one tenor and one bass, it is obvious that there must exist a disparity between the parts which no exertion on the part of the singers, or skill of the organist, can conceal; and we would suggest that if, as we are informed, the contributions to the Chapel funds yield a considerable surplus, a portion of this might be devoted to the engagement of three or four tenors and basses for the chorus. If, indeed, the governors, in addition to this, would also double their present quintet, we think little more could be desired; but the adoption of the former suggestion would remove the weakest point in the present arrangements.

Our visit to the Foundling was on the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, when we found "Comfort ye" posted on the door as the anthem to be sung. But, though Mr. Sims Reeves was not the tenor to whom the solo was allotted, a severe hoarseness, we presume, or some other ailment incidental if not peculiar to tenors, caused the substitution of "O thou that tellest," which was assigned to and very tastefully executed by the contralto—if our vision served us, Miss Lascelles; Mozart's accompaniments being capably played on the organ. The chorus was given with the greatest effect, the precision of the children not being inferior to that of Mr. Costa's Exeter Hall chorus. Indeed, Mr. Costa himself paid the children and their instructor the highest possible compliment, when, not very long ago, he wished some of the boys to assist at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts, although the governors saw objections which prevented their entertaining his proposal. We were glad to find that the Advent Hymn did not necessarily involve Madan's puerile tune. It is the practice here for five principal singers to sing one verse of the psalm or hymn without accompaniment, and the effect is certainly very good when executed as we heard it; for the changing of the anthem seemed to have had a curative effect on the tenor's indisposition. A somewhat florid *Jubilate*, we know not by whom, was very nicely executed, as indeed was all the music; and the whole service reflected the greatest credit on the organist, who, we believe, has the entire musical training of the children, and direction of the Chapel choir.

In concluding our lengthy and discursive sketch, we would recommend such of our readers as may think it more panegyric than critical, to go and judge for themselves; and we are confident that every one—musical or not—will experience a new and highly-refined pleasure from their first visit to the Foundling Chapel.

Donizetti's "Don Sebastian."

The following description of one of the novelties promised us by MARETZKE in the present series of Italian operas, at the Boston Theatre, is from the *Evening Post* of Nov. 26. It was written by an enthusiast about the modern Italian music after the first production of the work, with unusual pomp and splendor, at the New York Academy of Music:

THE PLOT.

As opera-goers will find it in their librettos, we consider that one such an infliction will be enough for them; and we prefer here to give a briefer synopsis, which will merely give the outlines of Scribe's play and Cammerano's translation, on which this opera is founded.

Don Sebastian was a King of Portugal, who lived in the sixteenth century, and is deemed important enough to find a place in biographical dictionaries, and in that enormously wide field known as "the pages of romance." Don Sebastian, with a laudable desire to carry the war into Africa, embarks, says the libretto, "at the head of a valiant army," to subjugate the Moors in Algiers. About to sail, he is detained by a soldier, who addresses him on the wharf, and proves to be the Portuguese poet, Camoens, who is patriotic enough to volunteer to go to Africa without a bounty, for martial purposes. As a casual incident, Zaida, a lady of African descent, passes by, on her way to the scaffold—for all the world as if it were a pleasant morning stroll—where she is to be burnt as a witch. Camoens, the poetical soldier, begs from the King her pardon, and she is sent back to her father, who is an African prince, and has probably been awaiting her for some time "beneath the cocoa-tree."

In Africa Zaida has a lover, an Arab of the Othello type, called Abaialdo, played here by Lorini, the mildest and most polished of gentlemen. Zaida is played by Zuechi, Camoens by Bellini, and Sebastian by Massimiliani. The king is beaten in the great battle of Alcazar Gebir,

—el cadde di Alcazar nella pugna famosa,

as the libretto hath it. But he is only wounded. And Zaida, who is prowling around the battle-field, begs his life of Abaialdo, informing him that she had been saved in Portugal by a Christian, and had vowed in return to save the life of some poor wretch of a European. Abaialdo, after ejaculating *Ma perché?* and receiving a satisfactory explanation, gives the wounded soldier life and liberty—never for a moment suspecting he is the king. An accommodating gentleman, named Enrico, had kindly sacrificed himself for the king, the libretto "argument" thus tersely, if not grammatically, relating the incident:

"The battle is fought on the field of Alcazar Kebir, and Sebastian is mortally wounded. His true friend Enrico lays him down, when the victorious Abaialdo and his Arabs arrive in search of the king. Enrico, asked whether he has seen Sebastian, says: 'I am it!' and is killed immediately; Sebastian remains fainting on the battle-field, where he is found by Zaida, who has followed the warriors. She promises to save him, but he refuses, until she declares that she loves him."

Conspirators in Portugal, thinking and desiring to think that the King is dead, make peace with the Arabs, by whom the fierce Abaialdo is sent as an ambassador. Zaida accompanies him; but they must have proved a rather inharmonious pair; for, in the inimitable language of the "argument,"

"He takes Zaida with him, who has shown him her contempt. When she asks him why he has taken her with him he tells her that he wants to revenge himself on her, and will treat her as his slave. She scorns his threats, and tells him that she is ready to die for Sebastian, whom he has pardoned upon her promise to marry him (Abaialdo), and whom she represented to be a poor soldier, while he was the King."

Camoens and Sebastian, having both escaped from Africa, meet in the streets of Lisbon in time to encounter an elaborate funeral procession in honor of the King, who is supposed to be dead. Not approving of these premature posthumous honors, Sebastian declares his identity, but is treated as an impostor and put into a prison instead of on a throne.

A trial takes place, at which Zaida appears as a witness. Women's rights movements were at that period unknown in Portugal, for the chorus of judges lift their hands with horror and exclaim:

"A woman!"

Whereupon Zaida argues the point, and the following characteristic lyric conversation ensues:

ZAIDA. Why not?
Cannot a woman tell the truth?
Listen! Abaialdo has been imposed upon,
I swear it. The man whom he saw fall
Was the noble Don Enrico.
Who died as a hero for his master!

GIOV. What did you say?

ZAIDA. The king was saved
By a woman.
Who loved him!

GIOV. What new trick is this!

SEB. O, noble heart!

ZAIDA. Hear then! The woman
That saved the king's life,
I swear it before God. [unveiling herself.
It was me!
My heart is in uncertainty
Between hope and terror!
O, if I could save his life
By my death!

Of course this leads to a concerted piece, in which various characters express their feelings simultaneously. Zaida observes:

I am not guilty! Thy furor
Is little to me. You cannot
Take away my honor.
Which will accompany my death!
The pangs of a poor
Faithful girl are joy for thee!
Heaven will punish you
I leave to it my vengeance.

Sebastian at the same time remarks:

Miserable! Your furor
Is not satisfied by my death?
Pity does not enter their hearts;
There is no more hope!
The death of an innocent girl
Is joy to them!
You are blessed by Heaven
And by me!

And Abaialdo, Giovanni and some fifty or more miscellaneous people vent their emotions in the following mild adoration:

Go, perjured woman! My wrath
Is not satisfied by thy death!
Shame and dishonor
Shall accompany it!
For thy wickedness
Death at the stake is not enough;
Go to death cursed
And lost forever.

Zaida and Sebastian are sentenced to death and imprisoned in the Tower of Lisbon. To save her life he is willing to sign a paper stating that he is an impostor; but she will not permit it. Camoens finds his way to the prison, provided with ropes, and all the three lower themselves out of the window, intending to reach a boat in the water below. And now occurs one of the oddest catastrophes any dramatist ever thought of. While the soprano, the tenor and baritone are sliding down their rope, that villainous creature Abaialdo comes in and cuts the rope with an axe. "A cry is heard, and the fugitives are precipitated into the abyss." This, at least, is the catastrophe mentioned in the libretto; but it has been altered in the version given here, and the unfortunate trio are shot while embarking in boats from the outside of the tower of Lisbon.

THE MUSIC—ACT I.

To this tragical plot Donizetti has wedded some of his most pompous and elaborate music. He has aimed at grandeur and colossal effects more than in any other of his works, and though he has not equalled Meyerbeer in this respect, he has yet produced some very effective and telling results.

The work is precluded not by an overture, but merely by two pages of musical preface, in which the chorus of nuns and the dead march of the third act are foreshadowed; and which leads into a jubilant chorus in D major—*Sù presti all'opra*. Several pages of recitative are next followed by an indifferent baritone air for Camoens, in which the poet modestly praises his own poem, "the Lusiad," and expresses his desire to go the war. More recitative, a brief soprano romanza, *Signor, clementi*, and a piece of concerted music, lead to a "prophecy" in which Camoens predicts the success of the African expedition, closing with a spirited air and chorus—*Su Corriamo*—which will soon be whistled and street-organised all over town. A sonorous concerted piece and chorus, in which the composer makes a liberal use of the unison effects for which Verdi is hyper-criticized, finishes the act, as the King of Portugal sets sail, amid the blare of trumpets and the booming of cannon, for his expedition against the Moors.

The second act opens with a delicate little chorus for female voices, something in the style of Bellini. It is pretty, without being specially noticeable, and is followed by an elaborate romanza, *Terra adorata*, sang by Zaida, and written in Donizetti's most graceful manner.

The ballet is here introduced, and the composer has written for it some very taking and sprightly music, which will soon find its way to our theatre orchestras. Most of it was omitted at last night's performance, but enough was given to show how

light and sparkling Donizetti could be in ballet music. Ernestine and Auriolo were the leading dancers, and were cordially applauded.

The course of the opera is resumed, after some not injudicious cutting, with a noisy chorus of Arabs, who fortunately unite brevity with a musically chaotic fierceness; and a charming duet for soprano and tenor follows, in which the orchestral accompaniment is unusually neat and elegant. The *allegro* movement of this duet—

Fa cor, mio re, fa core!
La gioia è presso al duol;
Ti notte al cupo orrore
Succede il chiaro sol—

is a bold stirring strain, in character very much like the popular closing duet of the last act of "Favorita," and demanding the passionate vocalization of a Zucchi for its proper effect. It is, indeed, one of the most taking numbers of the opera.

More Arabs and chaos are followed by what will be considered by many to be the gem of the opera—the exquisite tenor air, *Deserto in terra*, one of the sweetest strains that Donizetti ever produced. It is a melody which will soon find its way into the concert room and parlor. But it must be transposed for ordinary use, as it is written in D-flat major and runs up to C and even the D flat above the staff—a round in the musical ladder of leger notes which it needs an extraordinary voice to climb to.

ACT III.

The act is preluded by a short and exquisitely beautiful orchestral introduction, in which the theme is played in ear-haunting thirds, the violoncello being the prominent instrument. A duet between Zaida and Abaildo is omitted, and we then come to the simple and beautiful romanza for the baritone,

O Lisbona, alfin ti miro,

in which Bellini made so handsome a success. The air is of that kind which is sure to have a concert room popularity, though it is not followed by the usual *allegro*.

In the next scene occurs the meeting and recognition of Sebastian and Camoens, and the quaint duet "*O fausto di*," which follows, will attract attention rather than admiration.

Then comes the celebrated funeral procession. The voices of choristers inside the cathedral are heard singing the hymn *Eterno riposo*, broken into by the beat of muffled drums and the subdued fanfare of trumpets.

The orchestra plays the slow, well-marked march, and the chorus take up the solemn strain. The imposing effect of the stage, crowded as with "an army of banners," the glare of torches, the solemn darkness of standards draped in crape, and the sable gloom of the funeral catafalque, the steady throb of the dead march, all combine to make it difficult to judge dispassionately of this scene apart from its accessories. Yet there is no doubt that the march is really grand; it is simple rather than sensational; and must ever be considered one of the leading features of the opera. The concerted piece which follows and concludes the act is, however, something of an anti-climax, and is more noisy than meritorious.

ACT IV.

This act is devoted to the trial of Sebastian and Zaida. A stately prelude and chorus is separated by a gulf of recitative from the septet, on which, as in that in "Lucia di Lammermoor," the eminent composer seems to have showered his richest wealth of harmony, melody and characteristic effect. It is one of those pieces which will most frequently challenge an encore. A martial air for the baritone, reminding one of the *Speranza di Vendetta* in Verdi's "Lombardi" (though, of course, the resemblance is but accidental), is the next feature, and leads to an intricate and long concerted piece, which closes the act.

ACT V.

An orchestral reverie on a theme which is subsequently sung by Bellini opens the fifth act. Dialogue in recitative is followed by an *allegro* air for soprano—(omitted here)—and a plaintively pretty duet in A flat—*Me qui desio*—for tenor and soprano, which closes with a curious and highly passionate *allegro*. Suddenly there is heard outside the prison where the scene takes place the voice of Camoens singing, by way of signal to the prisoners, a gracefully undulating barcarole, in which some novel enharmonic changes vary without disturbing the wave-like flow of the melody. As an invisible chorus re-echoes the strain, Camoens enters, and a very pleasing trio,

"Moriam guardinghi,"

sung *sotto voce*, may be considered the musical *finale* of the opera; for the few remaining pages are but recitative or orchestral, leading to the catastrophe.

Fine Arts.

The Old Masters as Portrait Painters, and the Modern.—Copley and Stuart.—Staigg's Portrait of General Stevenson.

Perhaps the greatest portrait painters who ever lived were Titian, Vandyke, Velasquez, Rembrandt. They were great men—great painters—painting portraits; but they would have been great had they painted nothing else but portraits; for there can be no finer field for the highest artist's genius than to do justice to the human face divine.

These great artists painted their figures so that they seem projected on space and retire in a dream land, ("gorgeous land," as Coleridge says of cloud land), in that ideal region of the mind, that pale-clear visionary world, where the old portraits dwell, and which they seem naturally to possess and gracefully to occupy. They pass by in their graciousness and beauty. There is something ineffable about them, and mighty in the eye, looking out of the depths, as in a vision; as if the subtle spirit had indeed been arrested in its mortal transit, and fixed forever there for posterity's admiration. They are refined into spirituality, poetry and truth; and look as we would one should look, or come back to us, in spirit, when one is gone, defecated of the mortal and taking on immortality, when with Cowper, gazing, we exclaim, "Oh! that those lips had language!"

These great old masters abstracted by their insight and their art, their genius and sympathy, the fine essence, the soul of the man. Working from within outward, through matter to spirit, substance to soul, form to feeling: evolving the character, developing the individuality, the personality, they gave the soul looking through the eyes, speaking in the form, shining in the movement, in the hue, the presence, the pose.

No obtrusive accessories served to disturb and distract the senses, or jarred upon the finer feelings of the mind. All was harmony and highest truth, because they felt—and knew because they felt—the higher law of their art, which assimilates and subordinates all things to imaginative impression. Art is valueless without ideality, and is ever wrong in proportion to the straining after reality and illusion; its function being, to paint the soul as it inheres in, and informs the body; not body without soul, the objective without the subjective, as Copley painted.

Titian painted senatorial dignity, the presence and bearing, and the superb character of Venetian beauty, which may still be found lingering in the obscure, decaying lanes of the princely city, in a style which was dignity and splendor itself. Vandyke, patrician elegance, courtly refinement and high breeding, in a style itself high-bred. Velasquez, the Spanish character, firm and tenacious; the grandee of the empire, and the princess, with something of their own pride and mastery—a style incomparable for breadth and execution; quiet yet powerful, solid yet fluent and free, secure yet easy. Rembrandt gave the picturesqueness of his age, its light and shade; the Cavalier in his dark, slouched, feathered hat, broadly shadowing the massive features, the superb costume; and his style is picturesqueness itself, unique and inimitable. Each of these great masters, inspired by the times, did all that was suitable and successful. We call them up in their majesty and refinement—these impressive figures—from their stately shrines, the galleries and palaces of Austria, Spain and England, and they come home to us like a poem. We are afraid to say what we think of a great picture, for we feel as if Nature were there, and we had met

her. Such things seem painted, as Hawthorne said, with bated breath.

If we will compare this supreme manner, so powerful, majestic, intense or refined, according as in the hands of Velasquez, Titian, Rembrandt or Vandyke, with what has, but now, been seen at the Athenaeum, we shall notice the essential difference, the distance most modern portraiture holds (excepting Allston) when compared with the glorious old masters. Allston was an old master, in the same sense as Shelley said Keats was a Greek, and Goethe, by common consent, a Pagan:—the four imbued with their ideal, and full of sensuous, yet ideal and intellectual beauty.

In these regards how different the old masters from the later schools, and from modern art, where the figures come inharmoniously forward, and protrude, in their coarse reality and cold materiality, from the wall; as if the canvas disdained, and could not contain them, and the frame rejected and cast them forth. They spring upon you, worry you, and obtrude themselves. The old works are as agreeable as a vision. Portraiture, through genius, lifts the life, the person, the object, into poetry and ideality; or, through literalism and materialism, degrades it into prose, mechanism, daguerrotype.

If what we have said about the old art be true—and who is presumptuous enough to dispute the verdict of ages—all works which survive through many generations, and pass the ordeal of many times and countries, and the varying and diverse judgments of men, are sure to contain within themselves the principles of their own immortality. Hence the incomparable fame of the old masters, coming down through the centuries, growing with age, and culminating in endless time.

Stuart had a feminine refinement and delicacy, but also a feminine weakness of style, at his best: a thinness and wateriness or looseness of color, and flatness of painting, which fails to give form, or convey the sense of body and substance, yet fresh and silvery, and pleasing for its healthfulness, its truth and harmony. He gives a prim, precise elegance of expression, and a formal character of refinement, especially as to the eyes,—a little stiff and meagre—which makes one think of old maids rather than men. He painted easily and freely, but too slightly and slovenly. The expression not unfrequently degenerates into a mild insipidity, an amiable vacuity of look (too much the case with the unfinished Washington). The countenance was washed of all strength and manliness. It expresses a conscious effeminacy, a painful, constrained desire to be elegant or mild, correct and well-mannered—a something provincial, as if the sitter did not feel quite assured of himself and his position, and were doing his best to look brave and fine for posterity. His own portrait, by Neagle, strikes us as more vigorous and successful in his own vein and manner.

Stuart had a nice sense and fine sensibility to the impression of things, but lacked genius to give their full imaginative significance, an achievement which is the last success of art, whether music, poetry, sculpture or painting. His painting is refined and delightful, but too much on the surface, and wants intellectual depth and vigor of style. He painted the impression, and in so far is imaginative; but he failed in that subtle apprehension and feeling for life in portraiture, the indwelling spirit, in its meaning and expression, which alone makes portraiture high art, and lifts it into the universal, from which it flows (of which the absence leaves it dead, flat, unprofitable; mere dexterity, vacuity and prettiness):—into those fields of truth and beauty where all art and perfection meet in one supreme accord, unity and congruity, dwelling in effluence and light:—which makes the great masters immortal, and stamps God-like character upon the figures of the Parthenon, and the Venus of Milo, alone worthy to be the divinities of time. In the endeavor to give the gentleness of gentility,

he sometimes fell, though refined in feeling, into sentimentality, and a kind of mawkish sweetness. Yet we would not depreciate the refinement, far removed from coarseness and brutal materiality—from the aggressive insolence of bearing, the pert conceit and consequential air, of Copley—which honorably distinguishes Stuart's pleasant and harmonious pictures. He would not, could not, paint where he did not fancy the subject, the sitter. In this, sensitive, as every true artist must be.

His style is charming in its kind and degree. It is easy, fluent, graceful, rapid and free, but superficial, and is achieved at the expense of depth, emphasis, contrast and chiaroscuro. It is deficient in subtle life; shadow, gradation, suggestion; area and atmosphere—the spiritual vitality; the wondrous imaginative sense; the depth, the subtle withdrawing, and tracing of life upon space and consciousness, of the old masters—their high poetry of feeling and of thought.

It is almost impossible to paint in high lights throughout, and produce harmony, and a sense of space. Rubens and Paul Veronese, alone, have done it perfectly.

Let all Stuart's excellence be acknowledged and receive its due praise; only forbear to exalt his elegant, but precise manner, and formal expression into comparison with the grand style. He painted the impression, and in so far, was spiritualistic and true, in his art; but the impression was weak, and the objectivity, the strength, the body and form were wanting. Copley painted the converse of this. The one painted feeling, the other fact; the one the impression, the other the reality; the one the thing, the object, the other the idea, the spirit, the subject. In Copley's realism and objectivity, there is no sense of the impression or the subjectivity and soul. The one was materialistic, the other supersensuous—refined to effeminacy.

The harsh, strong rendering by Copley, of what we may call the objective personality, the manners and body of the dignified, but provincial figures of the last century, with all their pert conceit which stares you out of countenance and seems to say, still, from the canvas, "I am better than thou!"—the consequential air and aggressive superiority; the cold, indifferent look, with hardly a glimpse of the soul or inner man afforded through all these clothes and postures, almost gives one pain, so materialistic is it in feeling and mistaken in tendency. It gives the idea of refinement, it is true, but in the painter, not in the style. It is apparent that Copley was a gentleman and a most vigorous, prolific painter, but no poet; that he possessed no imagination, without which art is but an indifferent thing, and dry as versification without sensibility, fancy or feeling. He knew not how to give attraction to the face, to seize it in its best hour and momentary elevation. There is no softening of ugly feature. He made plain people plainer by his manner of doing them; by his cold hard lines; his implacable rigidity, grim reality, and almost ghastly presence. His truth consists in costume, and occasional brightness and beauty of positive color, with no imaginative sense of it; and this in clothes rather than in flesh painting, in which, though truthful in tint, and sometimes soft and delicate, he was deficient in the luminous transparency and sensuous life of the great painters. Fidelity to facts, fabrics, forms and features; no softening of harsh, hard lineaments and outlines, or subtle mastery of expression; no poetry of nature. But it is the inner man we prize, need for our consolation, and value for our delight. We do not want haberdashery, nor the fantastical fashions of the past. We want the man as he lived, as he loved, and as he moved; his firmness; his heart and soul; his strength, reliance, gentleness, and spirit.

These remarks are needful if we would enter into the excellence of Mr. Staigg's work; needful to interpret and illustrate the rare excellence of his performance; for he has succeeded in doing something of that which made the old masters so great and enduring.

If Mr. Hunt's portraits recall the ineffable refinement, the grace, elegance, and fineness of Vandyke, with something, in his grand portrait of the late respected Chief Justice, of the power and mastery of Velasquez; Mr. Staigg's work, with less subtlety of execution, less perfection of practice and handling; and a certain lack of clearness in the painting, makes

one think of the Venetians, the dignity of Titian, the luminous richness, power and breadth of Rembrandt. —The picture is a little thick in color, lacks cleanness and transparency, though eminently luminous. It is vitalized throughout—a quality we admire in Turner, and the present French school: Lambinet, Brissot, Micas, and others—the feeling for nature in parts and detail, as well as in the whole and in the impression—a true pre-Raphaelism. With a certain brilliance throughout, it is nicely graduated from the tender, suggestive shadow below, to the high lights centred very properly on the face, and the broad commanding brow. We think the sword is worn a little wrongly, and should have been more by the side. Forbearing the insane attempt to paint up to life and nature, and rival her lights—a mistake so common and fatal to modern art; but the rather subduing all things to the one grand impression of life, form, and character;—representing nature, not reproducing, Mr. Staigg has achieved a work, which, for harmony, brilliancy, beauty and richness of color, and true grandeur and dignity of style, would do no discredit to the old masters; a work which is rarely equalled, certainly not excelled in our time and country.

The *aplomb*; the soldierly air and bearing; the firmness, strength, self-reliance; the innate manliness; the dignified yet youthful features, the peculiar and luminous purity of the lofty brow; are all admirably given. The strength tempered with gentleness, heroism with tenderness; that rare perfection and chivalric ideal of manly character, which endeared the lamented dead—the soldier, the hero, the friend, and favorite—to all who were fortunate enough to know him, and who are now called upon to lament, at the same time that they rejoice in, a death heroic and glorious as a martyrdom.

The work is a triumph, and the artist may be congratulated in words that are, at once, his best eulogy and highest reward, that it is done in a manner worthy the hero it represents, whose noble patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion may it serve to transmit for the admiration of posterity, among the generous youth who have fought for liberty, and offered up their lives, as Mr. Emerson has said, that all life may be more precious, more noble, and more free! The likeness, we are told, by one of all others best qualified to judge, is natural and perfect. Here is preserved all of that mortality which in life chafed, and was held precious and inestimably dear to family and friends; to all who knew General Stevenson, and the entire community, which loved and honored him living, and now laments him dead; which cherishes his memory; and mourns in his untimely end, a patriot and a Christian—a youthful sacrifice upon the altar of his country's good.

Catching sight of this picture in the front room of Messrs. Child & Jenks, before it was taken away, it came across us with a fresh sense of its beauty, and gave us a new insight into its peculiar merit and charm. A luminous picture is its own light. It glows, illuminates, and seems to give forth its indwelling life and splendor, irradiating the darkness—spreading a subtle charm—emitting light. In old halls and palaces, Newsteads and Hampton Courts, how the majestic past comes again to life—the ancestry traced upon canvas—and "walks abroad in the storm," and in the dusk twilight is all about us in the room, as if the life of the spirit were indeed there—nothing less than the soul itself—inhabiting those cold walls, powerful to attract and cunning to detain! We are held by strong portraits. Titians look down upon you, and follow you about through the vast galleries: Vandyke's courtly company passes by, and melancholy Charles, with a sadness which is immortal.

Subdued, reflected light is better than direct, which glitters, distorts and reflects. It tempers the hardness, tones the freshness, not yet passed, into harmony.

Seeing the fine face so expressive, we could not but call to mind all his fellow soldiers have told us, of his womanly care and tenderness; the authority tempered with kindness and concern; a solicitude and respect, mutual and profound, honoring human nature, which all true authority inspires. We thought of the sentinel, whose guard he kept, while he went for his capote, dispatched by his commander: of the inexpressible tone of kindness, solicitude, and commiseration, mixed with confidence and command, with which he ordered his corps to the front at Newbern, which, as one of his officers has told us, would have sent them all, officers and men, through fire and death to obey him and to serve—a tone inspiring heroic daring. S.

The "Messiah" was performed on Monday evening, Dec. 19, in New Haven, by the Mendelssohn Society of that place, with the aid of Mr. J. R. THOMAS, basso, of New York, and with full orchestra, Mr. GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL conducting.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, DEC. 24, 1864.—Since I last wrote, sical matters have been active here. The GOTTSCHALK-SIMONS Troupe has given five concerts in Smith & Nixon's new Hall, which, by the way, is a very valuable addition to Chicago. The first night the Hall was filled, a large number being present to view the new Hall, and not on account of the music. The succeeding nights, the audience were thinner, being composed mostly of music lovers.

It is the prevalent opinion here, that these concerts, musically considered, were inferior to those which have been given by Mr. Gottschalk in this city on a previous occasion. A large amount of dance music was played by Mr. G.; which may be very pretty, but which we do not think is worthy of his abilities. Two Sonatas were given for piano and violin, one of Mozart and the other of Beethoven, played by Mr. Gottschalk and Herr Doehler. These Sonatas were not given as they should be; as Mr. Gottschalk evidently performs his own compositions with better relish. However, we have said enough about the noble chevalier. Let him rest in peace.

Miss Simons created a very agreeable impression here. She has a clear, sweet, flexible voice, and has evidently been well trained. Miss S. was suffering from a severe cold during the whole of her stay, which of course marred in some degree her execution. Still it was made manifest that Miss Simons is an artist of more than ordinary talent. Of Signor Morelli and Herr Doehler, we need not speak. Both are careful, conscientious performers.

On Monday, Jan. 2d, Grover's German Opera opens at McVickers's Theatre for a season of fifteen nights. Mr. Grover promises us *Faust*, *Mireille*, *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, *La Dame Blanche*, &c. We hope that he will take as much pains to please our Chicago audiences as he did those of Eastern cities,—and we can assure him that he will meet with a hearty reception.

The third Philharmonic comes off on Wednesday evening next. A brilliant programme is announced, which I will discuss in my next. A new soprano will then make her appearance: Mlle. Maria De Rhode, of Cincinnati, formerly a pupil with Colson at Paris, and, like her, a member of the Conservatoire. We anticipate a highly successful concert.

CHICAGO.

NEW YORK, DEC. 19, 1864.—The Choral Festival at Trinity Church, incident to the opening of the new chancel organ, has been the musical feature of the season. Performances were given on Wednesday, the 7th inst. at noon, and on Thursday and Friday evenings. The whole entertainment was one of rare merit and success, and reflected great credit upon Dr. CUTLER, who has been the leading spirit in personal services and means, not only in the preparation for the festival, but in the purchase and erection of the new organ. The fact that he has contributed so largely from his own funds, is a somewhat unusual instance of liberality on the part of a church organist. ***

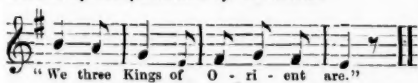
The chorus consisted of over one hundred male voices, boys and men, selected from the choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, the Church of the Advent, Boston, and Trinity Church of New York. Dr. Cutler presided at the new Chancel organ, and Mr. W. H. Walter of Trinity Chapel, at the large organ, the two playing in unison, and with great success, considering the distance and the position of the organist. ****

The choristers were robed in white surplices, and entered the chancel in procession, preceded by the rector and ministers of the parish, together with Bishop Talbot and several other representatives of the clergy. After the intoning of several of the prayers

of the church, one being a special one for a blessing upon the performance. Dr. Francis Vinton ascended the pulpit, and began the programme, by reading a short sketch of the rise and progress of church music from the time of the Jewish nation to the present day. The music of the different eras was interpreted by the choir at intervals during the lecture, and opened with a Gregorian chant of the sixth century: "*Cantate Domino Novum*," all voices singing the melody unaccompanied. A German Choral of 1529, by Martin Luther, illustrated the reference made to that person. The peculiar feature of this was the playing between lines instead of verses.

Some very interesting facts in relation to Handel were given, and his compositions illustrated by an organ performance—on the large organ—of selections from "Israel in Egypt," by Geo. W. Morgan. In addition to this the following vocal selections: Solo and Chorus, "O thou that tellest," from the "Messiah," by Master Grandin; Duet and Chorus, "Hail Judea, happy land," from "Judas Macabæus," by Masters Tate and Jameson; Solo, "Total Eclipse" from "Samson," by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, an effort which in any other place than a sacred edifice would have demanded and received a most hearty encore; Solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Master Erlich; Solo, "Sound an alarm," from "Judas Macabæus," by Mr. Geo. L. Weeks, Jr.; and the grand Hallelujah Chorus, by the full chorus of over one hundred voices, with the powerful accompaniment of the two organs. Mendelssohn was represented by the following: Solo, "Hear ye Israel," from "Elijah," by Master Richard Coker, the first soprano of Trinity Choir; and Quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth," from "Elijah," by Messrs. Mayer and Giles, and Masters Coker and Grandin. Mr. George E. Aiken, the basso of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, sang "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," from Haydn's "Creation," and in an artistic and finished manner, showing an admirable control of voice, and an enunciation most remarkable. Every word could be heard at the remotest part of the church, and nothing gave more general pleasure and satisfaction than this gentleman's rendering of the portion of the programme allotted to him. A "Gloria in Excelsis," from Haydn's 3d Mass was also sung by a quartet and chorus.

The instrumental portion of the programme consisted, further, of one of Wely's "Offertories," by Mr. Morgan; Bach's "Toccata" in F, performed in a very creditable manner, by Chas. Jerome Hopkins, and an Organ Fantasia with pedal obligato, by Cutler, founded on Rev. John Hopkins's Carol, "We three Kings of Orient are," a curious theme admirably worked up and performed by Dr. Cutler.



One of the features of this festival was the introduction of Mr. S. P. Taylor, probably the oldest organist in this country. He was born soon after Handel's time, being now in his eighty-fifth year. He began his musical career seventy-six years ago as a choir boy in an English Cathedral, and has played the organ since he was twelve years of age. He came to America in 1806, and was appointed organist at Christ Church in Ann Street, this city, in 1807. Mr. Taylor was the first to introduce the chant in church service, and under his supervision Oratorios were performed in St. Paul's Chapel.

During the festival Mr. Taylor, a venerable looking old gentleman, ascending the Chancel steps, preceded by Mr. Cutler, and seating himself at the Chancel Organ, played the accompaniment to Luther's Judgment Hymn, with a firm touch, and with a look of childish pleasure. Seventy-three years at the organ board! What a crowd of memories must have flashed through his mind as he sat at that organ playing that grand old choral!

T. W. M.

[Occasional].

NEW YORK, DEC. 30, 1864.—Our Philharmonic Society, besides the works of masters, has occasionally given room to productions of composers who live among us, and are unknown as yet to fame or established reputation. It is undoubtedly right to encourage the aspirations of rising minds, and bring their efforts to the verdict of the musical community; provided, however, that the Society watch with a jealous eye against a latitude which would open the door to intruding nepotism, and make the concerts the workshop of some musical alchemist.

Among the "novelties" of the season, there was one in the last concert, which deserves more than the passing notice of your regular correspondent. I mean the Concerto for Violoncello, by Mr. F. L. RITTER.

It is a composition of no common merit. He has given us a work, which, while it is pleasing and adapted to the capabilities of a mixed audience, is still a work of art; it possesses that substantiality which satisfies the thinking musician. It has nothing of that hollow emptiness of a gaudy bravura, laden with flimsy ornaments, or that sickly sentimentality of the salon-piece, that catching after effects by means of musical monstrosities, which only violate the better feeling. There is an earnestness, a certain dignity in the natural flow of the melodies, true to the character of the instrument, interspersed just sufficiently with passages to give life and brilliancy. The conception is modern, the elaboration is of that compact solidity of by-gone days, with rich harmonies, and an instrumentation sometimes really exquisite. There is musical logic in it. Clear, digested, matured, it shows that mastery of the technics of composition, which is the result of deep study and intimate acquaintance with the masters. We miss that in our composers here, and miss it sadly. A happy idea, sketched on paper, is not yet a work of art. One flash of bright imagination shows the chaos only to be still—void and without form. It is the composer's business to make the idea of his soul a reality, and that requires work, artistic work. Mr. R. showed in the Concerto that he understood himself, and knew how to handle his ideas. The fine nose of the critic may "smell the oil of the nocturnal lamp;" when the morning mists disperse, his eye must see order, symmetry and beauty, those eternal principles which, like adamant columns, support the arch that the builder in sound rears heavenward.

Mr. R. has solved his problem well. We do not mean to eulogize him; but in justice we are bound to acknowledge, that there is musical form, musical workmanship in his composition. And that is his merit.

It is a great gain, a decided progress in the growth of music, to have this fact once acknowledged and appreciated. It will lead further. It will induce the student to look closer at works hitherto neglected; the player, to select more carefully and delight in a better class of compositions; and even the musical public, to demand a higher style, which, in the end, will give more real satisfaction, and a higher enjoyment than they ever had before.

We only hope that Mr. R. will follow up the course he has begun, and that we, at no distant day, shall hear again from him, and see him supported by the friends of music in raising the standard of art.

EFFEMEZ.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The correspondent of the *Orchestra* continues his interesting letters as follows (Dec. 2):

With full readiness to recognize the enterprise of the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts as deserving the highest praise, it may yet be questioned whether three new works in one evening, as was the

case in the seventh concert, are not too great a tax upon the audience. The first of these novelties (which, by the way, though new in the Gewandhaus, was written some four years ago) is an old friend in a new dress—Bach's well-known organ Toccata in F major, instrumented by Herr Heinrich Esser of Vienna. The effect is excellent; especially successful is the treatment of the pedal points. It is curious how the sense of life and intellectual strength manifested in Bach's compositions invest them with a charm we should hardly look for in works where sensuous beauty is so frequently absent.

Burgmüller's Symphony, No. 2, in D, which was the second novelty, is but a fragment, the composer, who died in 1836, in his 27th year, having only lived long enough to write three movements, and even a portion of the last of these had to be instrumented by Schumann from the composer's sketches. Burgmüller's life was one of great suffering, and yet, as Dr. Hauptmann says of him: "There is not a trace of anything sickly or morbid to be found in his works."

All that he has created is poetically and artistically healthy, has a natural flow, and is of the most beautiful proportion and construction. Would that our young, healthy, not talentless composers, who so often fall into assumed despair, and thus would make themselves interesting, would give us anything so healthy as one who had to struggle with troubles of so many kinds! It is difficult to be entirely just to a work which is not heard until 30 years after its composition. This symphony shows how great was the composer's promise; what there is, is good; but Burgmüller had yet to learn that in a long movement contrast of themes is necessary, if monotony is to be avoided; this want is most felt in the first and second movements; in the third, the *Scherzo*, there are life and spirit, and some very happy changes of rhythm: the instrumentation is good in all the movements.

The third novelty was a Concerto (MS.) for the violoncello, by Herr Kapellmeister Reinecke. I had hoped that the scanty repertoire of the violoncello would have been enriched by a really valuable work; but it seems as if a fatality attended all who write for that instrument. That the Concerto is musical and elegant is a matter of course, when Reinecke is the composer; but it lacks distinctive features; it is not solid enough for a great musical work, nor brilliant enough for a display piece. The slow movement pleased the most. Herr Grützmacher, formerly first violoncellist in the Gewandhaus, and a master in the Leipzig Conservatorium, but now a member of the Court Orchestra, enjoys the reputation of being a brilliant player. Upon the present occasion he seemed to be suffering from indisposition, and hardly did himself justice. In addition to the Concerto, he played a *Nocturno* and a *Burlesque* of his own composition; the former is graceful, but too long; the latter is so burlesque that it sometimes exceeds the bounds of good taste; as a display piece, however, it showed what Herr Grützmacher could do in the way of overcoming difficulties.

The singer of the evening, Fräulein Amélie Weber, from Strasburg, had but just recovered from a severe and long continued indisposition, during which she had entirely lost her voice. Under these circumstances, coupled with the evident nervousness from which she was suffering, it would be unfair to express an opinion as to her powers. The "*Der Freyschütz*" overture, with which the concert closed, was a glorious performance. The last part of it was a wonderful example that railroad speed may be combined with perfect clearness of detail.

In the second Gewandhaus Chamber Music Concert, Herr Grützmacher took the place of Herr Lübeck, the other performers being, as usual, the Herren Reinecke (piano), David and Röntgen (violins), and Hermann (tenor). The works selected were Cherubini's Quartet in E flat, Mendelssohn's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in D, and Schubert's Quartet in D minor. The grand Cherubini Quartet at once excited the enthusiasm of the audience, who insisted on the *Scherzo* being repeated. Full of beauties as is Schubert's Quartet—the slow movement being one of the most touching things he ever wrote—it suffers from its extreme length, a fault which characterizes too many of its composer's works; the effect is not felt so much when listening to them, for then the beauty and interest keep the attention alive; but fatigue and exhaustion come when the performance is over.

The fifth Euterpe concert was devoted to chamber music, the performers being the Gebrüder Müller. These gentlemen are the sons of one of the four brothers who years ago enjoyed such a reputation for the excellence of their ensemble playing, and the fine artistic elegance of their reading. The present quartet may be said to have inherited, to a certain extent, the reputation of the elder, but more so in exactness of ensemble than in the very highest

musical endowments; the quartet is the strongest in the violoncello and tenor, these instruments being most excellently played. The programme consisted of the following quartets: Haydn, D major; Schumann, A minor, Op. 41, No. 1; and Beethoven, E flat, Op. 47. In Haydn's quartet the playing was perfect; but in the other a greater amount of warmth was wanted. Schumann's quartet, as is the case with so much of his chamber music, is not (!) enjoyable; the want of clearness, the prevalence of gloom, and the apparent groping for something which never comes, are at length painful. Beethoven's quartet, in itself a work difficult of comprehension, demands higher musical qualifications in its interpreters than were to be found upon the present occasion.

A most remarkable appearance has been that of Herr Satter, a pianist from Vienna, who at the invitation of the directors has played in the Conservatorium. His brilliancy of execution and strength of finger surpass anything I have ever heard. In a transcription of the Tannhäuser overture the violin passages, which are difficult enough to play smoothly in single notes, were given by him in octaves; the rendering of the orchestral effects was marvellous. Nor is it only as a player of display pieces that he excels; his interpretation of the piano-forte part of Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor was excellent in every respect. He also possesses the gift of musical extemporizing—one now so rarely cultivated. Two themes by Gluck and Weber were given him, and he at once sat down and worked them out so as not only to dazzle by the mechanical brilliancy, but also to astonish the mind by the exceeding cleverness of the work. The highest judges here, who have heard him in private, speak of the extraordinary instinct with which, when playing at sight, he seems at once to grasp the intentions of the composer.

BERLIN—The Government has ordered of Micheli, the sculptor, a marble bust of Meyerbeer, to be placed in the concert hall of the *Schauspielhaus*.

The passage of the Austrian troops through Berlin, on their way back from Denmark, suggested to Herr Emil Bock the idea of a grand concert of military music, in which the Austrian and Prussian bands took part both together and separately. It is still a question which of those two organizations of military music is the best; but opinion was nearly unanimous in according more of fire and *brío* to the Austrian, and more of precision and artistic sentiment to the Prussian. The Prussian bands are all subject to the uniform rule of a great *generalissimo* in his sphere, Herr Wieprecht, who has even drilled monster bands of many hundreds of wind instruments to perform symphonies of Beethoven, arranged for them by himself!

The "Dom-chor," or royal Cathedral Choir of Berlin, now justly celebrated for the best church music in the world, commenced its annual series of concerts on the 1st December. The programme contained an *Adoremus* of Peri, a motet of Bach, a *Salve Regina* of Barnabè, the 100th Psalm of Mendelssohn, Handel's *Hallelujah*, a couple of church airs sung by Frä. Malvina Strahl, and a *Pater Noster* by Meyerbeer, which excited particular interest.

COLOGNE.—Herr Richard Wagner's opera of *Rienzi* has been produced on a scale of almost unequalled splendor. The scenery was beautiful; the dresses gorgeous; and the number of supernumeraries greater, perhaps, than was ever known in this ancient city. Herr Niemann represented "the last of the Tribunes." The public were divided in opinion as to the merits of the music, but they all agreed in praising the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène*, and the manner in which singers and musicians performed their respective tasks.—The Concerts at the Gürzenich, which have now become a regular institution, calmly and triumphantly pursue their course under the excellent guidance of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The programme of the third concert commenced with Beethoven's Symphony in F major, No. 8. This was followed by a manuscript *Agnus Dei* and *Dona nobis Pacem*, from the pen of Cherubini, for Chorus and Orchestra. On the copy in Cherubini's own hand is the inscription: "*Agnus Dei* à 4 parties avec accompagnement à G. O. (Grand Orchestre), composé à Paris par L. Cherubini, et offert par le même à son cher ami Ferdinand Hiller." It contains an Adagio of thirty-one bars (4-4, in G minor) and a

second movement, "Modéré sans lenteur," of 106 bars (3-4 in G major)—This was succeeded by two movements (the Adagio and the Allegro) from Spohr's Concerto, No. 6, played by Herr Joachim; the Overture, by Niels W. Gade, to *Hamlet*; Fugue, No. 3, in C, by Bach, played by Herr Joachim; "Abschiedslied" by Schumann: "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath"; and Beethoven's Fantasia, No. 80, Herr Ferdinand Hiller taking the pianoforte part.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 7, 1865.

Christmas Music.

Our old HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, "in accordance with a time-honored custom," gave their annual Christmas Oratorio—Handel's "Messiah" of course—on Saturday evening, Dec. 24, Christmas Eve, and repeated it the following evening, changing the group of solo singers, with the exception of the tenor. The Sunday evening performance was by far the best, and had the inspiration of by far the greatest audience; indeed it was a scene not surpassed by the Birmingham Festival,—our Music Hall, with its imposing Organ front, its bronze colossal Beethoven, and so utterly crammed as it was that night with so fine a looking and so enthusiastic a multitude.

On Saturday evening, church or home engagements probably kept many away; yet the Hall was quite well filled. The Oratorio did not seem to begin with the usual spirit; nor, through a large part of it, did it so deeply appeal to us, or transport us with the old feeling of its sublimity and beauty, its holiness and tenderness, its joyful encouragement and glory. It was, perhaps owing partly to our own mood and mental condition; in the case of a very familiar great work, like the "Messiah," the interest of the listener must be more or less accidental; and we, with all our old admiration unabated, still find it hard sometimes to hear it otherwise than listlessly and dully, unless there be some rare and special excellence in the performance,—a great singer, for instance, one of genius and inspiration, as well as noble voice and art, to rekindle its divine fire. Every habitual concert-goer, of course, has had more or less of this kind of experience; and it becomes a question, therefore, whether it is doing justice to any great work, even Handel's greatest, to let it get identified with conventional and periodical occasions, lest it should contract some of the dullness of all ceremonial ordinances whatsoever. But not all musical occasions are for the *habitué*; he must remember, what the Society does remember, that every year there has a fresh crop of eager audience grown up; a new generation has musically come of age, as it were, who wish to realize in their turn all that enthusiasm with which we, their elders, may have talked to them of Handel's great work. And it speaks badly for ourselves, too, if (in spite of occasional moods or accidents) we cannot feel more and more that speaks to our inmost soul in it as we grow older.

One experience in regard to the "Messiah," we are sure, many old lovers of the music must share with us. We found on Saturday, what we have found more and more from year to year, that it is the latter portions of the work which take the deeper hold upon us, and to which we listen with the fresher interest. The profound passages relating to the Passion; the choruses:

"Behold the Lamb," "And with his stripes;" the Quartet and Chorus: "Since by man came death," &c., as well as the great solos:—these reveal more and more musical and spiritual beauty and significance; they come nearer and fill out more of the whole after impression of the oratorio; and so it should be, naturally, with more experience of life.

It seemed to us on Saturday that the singers warmed up to their work more as they passed the middle portion. The latter choruses, and solos also, were given with more unction and effect. As for the artists, if they were not great, they were all good ones. Mrs. ANNA STONE ELIOT, returning to the scene and the great music of her old Boston triumphs, could not but excite much interest. She sang the great soprano recitatives and arias with the intelligent, well-studied conception and the same largeness of style as formerly—better, if anything, intellectually considered—and with only something less of the old brightness and clarion ring of voice. This time she took what is commonly given to a contralto, the air, "He was despised," with fine expression. Mrs. SMITH sang "Rejoice greatly," and "How beautiful," with charming purity, sweetness and evenness of voice, and with simplicity and truth of feeling. Miss RYAN did herself credit in the contralto pieces, the chief drawback being that she over-exerted her voice, very naturally magnifying to herself the terrors of singing for the first time in the great Hall. Mr. WHEELER, who sustained all the tenor solos on both evenings, having scarcely risen from an illness of some weeks, deserves praise for such loyalty to art; his voice was weaker than we could have wished, although it seemed to summon up a good degree of power in "Thou shalt dash them;" but all his renderings were musical, refined and tasteful. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY made a decidedly good impression in the bass solos, both in voice and execution; his tones and manner are alike musical and manly.

On Sunday evening, the special feature of interest was the re-appearance, after several years retirement from the concert room, of Mrs. J. H. LONG, who took upon her the entire soprano part with even more acceptance, more sustained ease, power, eloquence of delivery, more sweetness, evenness and reach of voice, more finish and maturity of style, than in the days when these great songs were thought to be hers by right among all our native singers. There are singers in the world, to be sure, in whom one feels, besides all this, the spell of genius, and of that more inward, soulful character of voice, which sometimes works rarer miracles with less art. But certainly Mrs. Long's delivery of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is no ordinary achievement. She seemed to have the sympathies of the vast audience completely. We need not say that Mrs. J. S. CARY's warm and sympathetic contralto made itself felt, and made those sweet and touching strains felt. The bass songs fell to the share of Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, who continues to acquire more mastery of our English accent, and whose substantial bass voice sustains itself through the Handelian roulades gracefully and well. The choruses went remarkably well that night, the Great Organ accompaniment by Mr. LANG replenishing them with great waves of harmony; and, as we said before, the whole ensemble, chorus, orchestra and soli, must have lifted the heaviness of labor into

the joy of success for Mr. ZERRAHN and the Society whose forces have grown into such good rapport with him as teacher and conductor.

We hear of numerous performances of the "Messiah in smaller cities, in some cases for the first time as a whole. In Hartford, the "Beethoven Society" gave it, assisted by the "Germania Orchestra," under the direction of Mr. BARNETT, with the soprano and alto arias distributed among a large number of singers. Dr. GUILMETTE in the bass, and Mr. WANDER in the tenor. In Worcester, it was given on Tuesday evening by the "Mozart Society" without orchestra, Mr. LANG accompanying on the great Worcester Organ, and Mr. B. D. ALLEN conducting. Both of these performances were eminently successful, it would seem. The Christmas musical service in many of the churches of this city and vicinity, was in some instances rare. Most noteworthy must be reckoned the performance of Beethoven's earlier Mass (in C) at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, under the direction of Mr. WILLCOX, who played the orchestral accompaniments on the noble Organ which the Messrs. Hook have placed there. It was an enterprise quite honorable to Mr. Willcox and his choir, and we regretted that we could not be there to hear.

Otto Dresel's Concerts.

Mr. Dresel's fifth and last concert shared the stormy fate of the four others with regard to weather. Yet the audience, which quite filled the Chickering Hall during the fourth Saturday snow-storm, more than filled it this time. So large, so eager, so respectful and even appreciative an audience for piano music of the finest and the rarest sort is seldom seen in an American city, if indeed anywhere. These were the compositions interpreted:

1. From the "Skizzen für den Pedalfügel," (op. 58, No. 1) Schumann.
Sarabande and Rondo from Part II, in C minor. J.S. Bach.
From the "Skizzen für den Pedalfügel," (op. 58, No. 2) Schumann.
2. Sonata, E flat (op. 31) Beethoven.
Allegro. Scherzo. Menuetto. Presto con fuoco.
3. Gigue.Mozart.
Allegretto in form of a Canon, from the "Studien für den Pedalfügel," op. 56.Schumann.
4. Presto Scherzando.Mendelssohn.
5. Septet.Hummel.
(Arrangement for Two Pianos).
Allegro con spirito. Scherzo. Andante con Variazioni. Finale.
Notturmo, (D flat, op. 27).Chopin.
Valse, (A flat, op. 31).Chopin.

This programme was in some respects a departure from Mr. D.'s original intention, which included still a third Concerto by Bach (for two pianos, with accompaniments on a third); but the third pianist was called to other and sadder duties. One change (where programme-making is an art) involves another; the same cause robbed us of Chopin's remarkable Fantasia on Polish airs, which would have been a fresh addition to our knowledge of him. But it gave us, in the place of both, another Beethoven Sonata, one of the most interesting, finely imaginative, delightfully original and Beethovenish of them all, the op. 31, in E flat. Surely it would be hard to name anything by any composer, which the more musical, or indeed the larger, portion of that audience would willingly have taken in exchange for it,—at least after such a masterly, thoroughly poetic and sympathetic, as well as technically perfect rendering as we had of it. It was the very soul of Beethoven that vibrated upon those strings and through us all.

We could not but admire the happy grouping of the three (or rather four) little pieces included in the opening number of the concert. How bright and altogether piquant and delightful the Saraband and Rondo of Bach sounded between the two more deeply shaded "sketches" which Schumann wrote for a piano-forte with pedal bass, hence somewhat in the organ style. Mr. LEONHARD played the pedal part on a second piano. Both are compositions of great beauty, dignity and rich suggestion, especially the second one. But it was a nice thought to place the Bach things between them; it set them in the clearest and most genial light and made them unmistakable.

This placing of a piece in a programme is as important as the hanging of a picture in a gallery; the best thing of a quiet sort may be extinguished, all its light put out, by the wrong sort of neighbors, or be framed into its own native halo by the right ones. Everybody was charmed by the leisurely, composed, thoughtful movement, the quaint imaginativeness and grace of the Bach Sarabande, and by the dancing sunshine of the Rondo, which is a perfect instance of the art of composition in only two parts, each part so covering, answering to, reflecting and illustrating the other, so flinging back the same ideas and phrases with new flashes of meaning, that all the purposes of full four-part harmony are virtually answered by this interplay of two twin melodies.

Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* is one of his finest and freshest piano-forte creations; full of fire and life, and charming in the more quiet *cantilena*-like episodes. The Septet by Hummel was far more effective than we should have imagined without the wind instruments. The witching little horn passage in the Trio of the Scherzo was palpably enough suggested, and the perfect grace and neatness of that little movement made a repeat imperative. The whole work is full of elegance and genial beauty, and it brought Mr. Dresel's cleanness, fluency, brilliancy and consummate grace of execution to the most triumphant test. It is not necessary to tell again (or rather, try to tell) how he interprets Chopin.

These concerts have been a most remarkable success in all respects; and there is, a very general and eager appetite for more from the same source.

Italian Opera.

MAX MARETZKE, with his Italian singers and singers in Italian, holds the Boston Theatre this week and for a few weeks to come. Our New York correspondence has already furnished us with some anticipations of the artists and the repertoire. Donizetti's *Polio* (or, "The Martyr,") was chosen for the opening on Monday night; a very poor, uninteresting opera, as many of us had had cause to know before; and a thin house was the consequence. Indeed we can think of no work even of Donizetti's which is so commonplace (hear the beginning of a melody, and you know just how it will end); so full of the feeble intense as a make-believe for passion; so empty and so noisy, trying to hide the lack of inspiration, or to enforce the semblance thereof, by dreadful hounding on of drums and brass. This is strikingly the case in the overture—especially if you happened to sit near the drum end of the orchestra, where you could hear almost nothing else. The arias *d'entrée* in which the tenor, the soprano and the baritone respectively introduced themselves, are all uninteresting. In the finale of the second act there is some pomp and grandeur of musical ensemble, as well as of scenic display; but you almost fancy you are listening to *Lucia* again, and wondering whether it is quite the same. The part which brings the house down, more thanks to the singers than the music, is the duet of the martyr lovers in the prison scene; but here the rapid final movement, coupled with the most exalted situation, and designed to express the heavenly ecstasy of wedded souls about to lay down their lives for truth, is a most trivial, unmeaning, vulgar brass band sort of tune, strangely belying the rapt faces and the earnest tones and gestures of the singers.

The piece was doubtless chosen for the leading singers, and not the singers for the piece. Mme. CAROZZI ZUCCHI, the new prima donna, is evidently, at home in parts of such tragical intensity and vehemence. Her voice is large, clear, firm, alike telling in the higher, middle, and lower registers, and able to cope with long and arduous reaches of such music. She has a fine presence, a great deal of dramatic force, filling out the part completely and not overdoing. There was no lack of delicacy in the tenderer passages; yet the voice, although not unsympathetic, has not the fine, soulful quality, which would lead us to remember her with Bosio, Grisi, Lagrange, Frederici, and others. It is of somewhat coarser fibre, more physical in its intensity, and indeed one of the better instances of the kind of voice which seems naturally to grow out of the singing of the *Polio* and the *Trovatore* kind of music.

Sig. MASSIMILIANI, the new tenor, has little grace of person, and a rather hard, close quality of voice; yet some splendid tones came out of him, as he warmed up into greater freedom and *abandon*; for he began with saving his real force. It is said that Polio

to and Pollio are his peculiar parts; if so, his sphere is not a very thankful one. BELLINI, the able baritone of last year, sang and acted admirably, so far as an uninteresting part allowed him. A second tenor, Herr REICHHART, in the smaller part of Nearco, made a good impression as far as it went. The chorus, male and female, was quite full and strong and accurate, and the orchestra excellent, bating the excess of drums and brass.

Martha was performed on Tuesday, to a large house, with Miss KELLOGG, Miss MORENSI, and Sig. or Herr LOTTI in the principal parts. We were not able to be present.

On Wednesday night, an uncommonly good performance of *Don Giovanni*, which drew the first really large audience. The orchestra was admirably subdued and true to its fine task; as well it might have been, seeing that CARL BERGMANN occupied the conductor's seat. The leading parts were remarkably well cast; very seldom do we have all three prime donne so effective. Mme. CAROZZI's Donna Anna was full of dignity, dramatic truth and force, not of the finest kind, but always effective, especially in the excited recitative and aria in which, he denounces Don Juan. She did not sing the "Letter" aria. Nor did MORENSI sing Elvira's best piece: (*Mi tradi*, with the recitative preceding; but her rich and powerful contralto voice, well trained and even, of good compass, her broad, true, honest style of singing, her grace of person and dramatic truth of action, made hers one of the best of the Elviras. Miss KELLOGG, as Zerlina, sang more exquisitely than ever, and she was full of life and pretty by-play; but we cannot like her conception of the character; it lacks simplicity, unconsciousness, and that refinement which the music reveals in the nature, underneath the rustic garb, of the innocent little coquette. M. DUBREUIL is always in his right place as Masetto; he does it to the life.

BELLINI made an excellent Don Juan; courtly, splendid, fascinating, with no trait of vulgarity. His voice told far more effectively than poor SUSINI's, who either had a very bad cold, or is losing the lower part of his once kingly basso. He grew more and more husky; yet his Leporello had excellent points. There was by no means a Commendatore comparable with that of Hermanns; but Herr WEINLICH's voice, though hard and rough, was telling, and filled out the trio of basses very well.

LOTTI's small, sweet, flexible tenor, has some very fine notes; his rendering of *Il mio tesoro*, and of all the music was artistic and agreeable. His fine extra song, too, (*Dalla sua pace*) was omitted. Strange to say, it was as a whole a better performance than the Germans gave us. But there can be no question that *Don Giovanni* sounds better than *Don Juan*; the Italian language suits its musical periods best; for it they were originally written.

[The most of the following paragraphs were prepared for our last paper, but crowded out for want of room.]

"COURS D' HARMONIE." We had the pleasure of witnessing the first of Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE's lessons in the rudiments of Harmony; and we were astonished at the clearness and fluency, the mastery of her subject and of the English language, with which she explained point after point, with illustrations on the black-board. Her ideas are well systematized, (making of course no pretension to novelty,—though there was a certain originality in the way of presenting the thing); her method lucid and progressive; and the wonder was that she held the attention of her class throughout two hours, without once touching a piano or letting the ear realize a single tone. We cannot think, however, that she will go on far teaching the science of tone only through the eye.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS. There is to be a grand choral visitation from New Hampshire to our Music Hall, on the evening of January 6th. The "N. H. State Musical Convention," holding its annual session that week at Concord, is to descend upon us, a thousand voices strong, under the direction of Mr. L. O. EMERSON, and sing great choruses from Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., in connection with the Great Organ. May they bring as bracing an air with them, as the annual descent of the Yorkshire singers upon London!

MR. HERMANN DAUM. This gentleman, as many of our readers are aware, has been for many months confined by painful and exhausting illness, disabling him entirely, and for some time to come, we fear, from all professional exertion. We are glad to hear that his fellow artists are arranging a concert for his benefit, to take place in a few weeks, when many of our best singers and players (The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the "Orpheus," Miss Houston, Miss Ryan, Mr. J. K. Paine, the organist, &c.,) will do their

best to make a most attractive programme. It will be but a just tribute to one of our most earnest, accomplished and amiable musicians and teachers. Further particulars in due time.

Messrs. Hook, the builders of the celebrated Worcester Organ, have finished a large and beautiful instrument for Sacramento, Cal. It comprises two complete manuals, in which every stop extends through the whole compass of 56 notes; and two Pedal stops of two octaves.

The case is of Romanesque design, built of black walnut, forming a pleasing contrast to the rich silvery appearance of the front pipes, which are of burnished tin.

The organ contains many excellent solo stops, which allow of the most beautiful combinations and orchestral effects. The effect of the full organ is exceedingly grand and beautiful, giving a volume of tone full and broad in its foundation, and very rich and brilliant in chorus.

Great care has been taken in the selection of materials and in the workmanship throughout, to make this a model organ. Indeed we think it just the instrument to be sent to California as a representative of Boston skill in organ building, which, having reached a very creditable height before, has been so greatly quickened by the presence of the magnificent German Organ in the Music Hall.

A NEW BUFFO COMPANY. The *Evening Post* tells us of a new Italian buffo company, with an American prima donna, consisting of Laura Harris, Mongiardini, Ardavani and Fellini, which will play next week at Niblo's Saloon and in Brooklyn. The programme includes Rossini's "Gazza Ladra," which has not been sung here since the days of Steffanone in 1852—and his "Barbiere." Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" and "L'Elisir" will also be produced. As this troupe will appear in unpretending style and a small room, adapted to the light voice and florid execution of the young prima donna, there is every prospect of the enterprise meeting with success.

A SCOTCH CRITICISM.—The *New York Albion*, in noticing the last Philharmonic concert, has this queer theory of the origin of Mendelssohn's A-minor Symphony. We do not think, however, that the composer visited Scotland with any such malice prepense. And we suspect that this Englishman underestimates Mendelssohn's genius quite as much as most Englishmen are inclined to overrate it.

Mendelssohn was not blessed with the lazy inspiration of genius. His was a talent of the highest possible order—but still a talent, and dependent therefore on industry, taste, and outside impressions. After much reflection he thought, in the present case, that he would write a Scotch Symphony. When he had entirely mastered this resolve, there remained but one other preliminary—namely, to buy a portmanteau and go at once to Scotland. There, amid wild glens, the shimmering lochs, the towering bens, did he conscientiously study the style and form that were needed. To us—of grosser fibre—who have smoked cuttie pipes, and laddled out punch by the hour, there is nothing very strong in the flavor thus laboriously procured. A gentleman who habitually took snuff with a spoon, and lived a life of bound captivity in a plaid shawl, once informed us that "Maindlesoon" couldn't play the pipes. This we readily can believe; but this in the mind of our Northern friend, accounted for all the imperfections of his character, and, if we are not mistaken, explained the reason why he had a cough. It may also serve as a key to the defects of the symphony. The *scherzando* is daintily sprinkled with *Ess. Caledonia*, but it lacks the true Northern strength, bearing to the latter about the same relation that *Charlotte Russe* does to *Haggis*. Nevertheless it is piquant and pleasant. The fourth movement is really grand, especially the "Finale Maestoso." Throughout the entire work there are indications of extreme care, of exquisite taste, of thorough culture, and of supreme talent. For these reasons, it must always afford pleasure to a cultivated audience, to hear this composition carefully performed—and the more cultivated and refined the audience, the greater will be the esteem in which the master is held. He is essentially a carpet musician. Nothing on earth could have induced him to stagger into society, with dirty boots and a belecher handkerchief round his throat, like that great shaggy Beethoven.

QUEER MISPRINT. The mischievous small types smuggled into our last number, in the programme of Mr. Dresel's concert, an R instead of a K, which ludicrously changed the meaning. *Kindermährchen* (or, fairy tale for children) is the title of the little piece by Moscheles; it was printed "*Rindermährchen*," or fairy tale for cattle!

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. Our columns of Musical Correspondence have before now borne witness to the great attention paid to music, and especially to classical music, at Cottage Hill Seminary, the flourishing school for young ladies, of which the Rev. GEORGE T. RIDER is the Principal. Not only is music treated as one of the most important branches of a lady's education; not only does the pupil have good music set before her for practice, instead of glittering trash; but the aid of artists is from time to time called in, to let the pupils and their friends hear a concert made up from the works of the master composers. The last occasion of the kind was on the evening of Dec. 22, when the first "Soirée Classique," or "Evening with the Great Composers," was given by a quintet of solo performers from the West Point Band, under the direction of Mr. APPELLES, Band-master, assisted by Miss GEORGINA PAIGE. The programme included: Quintet (strings) in G minor, by Mozart; Scena and Aria from *Der Freyschütz*, by Miss Paige; a Violin solo, by Klingebiel, played by Appelles (not the old Greek painter, any more than a certain Herr Plato whom we saw in Berlin, is the old philosopher); Quartet in G, op. 96, by Haydn; Adagio from Spohr's Quartet, op. 43; song, Beethoven's *Adelaide*; Solo on the French Horn; and Quintet in E-flat, op. 4, by Beethoven.

NEWPORT, R. I. Music has been paying pleasant winter visits to the all-the-year-round inhabitants of the famous old watering place, in the shape of a series of Chamber Concerts by the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB, assisted by Miss RYAN, the singer. The Newporters appear to appreciate the privilege, which is something new to them, and which they owe to the zeal for all good things æsthetic, as well as patriotic and humane, of Col. T. W. HIGGINSON, who is passing the winter with them.

THE QUESTION SETTLED! A certain "Aylmer" writes a musical letter to the *Springfield Republican*, about the late "Choral Festival" in New York, in which he tilts against the windmill of Bach's Fugues, with such annihilating vehemence, that the opinion of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and all the really great composers, not excepting jovial Rossini, must henceforth pass for nothing. Read! Master Paine, and tremble, and be silent evermore:

Mr. C. J. Hopkins gave the Toccata in F, which has claimed an ex-officio place upon many of the programmes of the Boston Music Hall, and—shades of Bach, forgive—it was, as usual with fugues, a chaos of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is all very well to talk of the fugue as classical. Is it any more classical than the chromatic scale? And is there any music in the chromatic scale itself? If any disciple of Bach can tell what the fugue means, he will seem to many to hold a more reasonable position after he has interpreted it, than while he rails at the multitude for their lack of appreciation.

Read, Master Dresel, and forsaking the wrong way, humbly crave permission to sit at the feet of Master Gamaliel Gottschalk! As for you, Master Robert Franz, what can you do but leave editing of Bach, and devote the rest of your life to pious meditation on the operas of Verdi, or the pretty Offertories of Batiste; or come over here and fatten on the broad fields and pastures green of Yankee psalmody? Peradventure, in due time, you may become sleek and prosperous enough to exchange the German Doctorate for a fresh "Mus. Doc." from some New York University.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Gentle mother calls us home. Song with Cho. *H. Fontrill. 30*
A very sweet poem, with music better than common.
- Molly Bawn Asthore. Ballad. *H. S. Thompson. 30*
Mr. Thompson seems to catch the spirit of Irish song with ease, and his music warbles about the charming Molly with a very perfect "at home" air, as if used to the green bogs and braes of the "old country."
- Little Nell's lament. Song & Cho. *H. Fontrill. 30*
So little yellow Nell has come North at last; and the contraband's daughter seeks an audience. A simple and natural ballad.
- Home once more. Ballad. *S. Glover. 30*
A "homeward bound" song, with good words, and good, classical melody.
- Janet's bridal. *Claribel. 30*
A simple and pure song of a country bridal morning. The bride rejoices in her "chaplet of blue-bells," which "Donald" has sent her, and prepares to walk over the path, strewn with flowers by "sweet Mary and Alice." Melody pretty.
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Like the others by the same author, better than the average, and has a good melody.

Instrumental Music.

- Sonata for the Organ. Mendelssohn. Op. 65, No. 3. *75*
This will rank in the first class of published organ compositions. It combines richness of harmonic texture with delicacy of expression and deep feeling. There is a part for the pedals, of considerable variety, but not especially difficult. It was introduced to the public at the Inauguration of the Great Organ by Mr. Lang.
- Fragment of the Andante of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Transcribed by *E. Batiste.*
Our organ repertoire grows richer, weekly. This skillful arrangement adds one to those of lasting value to buy and retain.
- Whippoorwill polka. *G. F. Spalding. 30*
Introduces the call of the whippoorwill, with brilliant variations, which the bird would do well to learn. Quite pretty.
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Another favor to the public by this excellent leader and composer. Buy it soon, so as to be able to play it these winter evenings.
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Two good pieces by well-known composers.

Books.

- Excelsior Collection for the Accordion. *75*
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By S. Winner.
These three books are similar in design, and each contains a large number of pleasing familiar and unfamiliar melodies, selected and arranged with the tact and skill for which Mr. Winner is so noted.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

